

# WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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## The Passing Show.

Discontent is the beginning of progress. The capitalist class hates discontent and stops progress.

Capitalism puts silk ribbons on dogs and rags on children.

The capitalist class grabs all the land and dwellings and then boosts immigration to send rents up.

The worker who strikes is gagged, shot, or deported. The worker who doesn't strike is starved.

Society to-day is the result of a huge conspiracy. Rent, interest, and profit is the result.

Those who have read history wonder why the workers in ancient and medieval times were so docile when predatory princes exploited and robbed them by means of private standing armies. The reason is that they were chloroformed by religion.

The workers are still feeling the effects of the old dope, but they show signs of recovering. The frequent strikes and universal unrest indicate a grand awakening.

The profit system has neither soul nor conscience, but is so cold-blooded that life is freely sacrificed to glut the appetite for greed.

Australia is "a land flowing with milk and honey," but the milk and honey are monopolised, adulterated, and sold for profit by the few. The many are hoodwinked, enslaved and exploited.

To defend the country that is, the system—the exploiters have instituted a system of defence under which the exploited wage-slaves shall be compelled to be the defenders.

Admiral Mahan, one of the high priests of international slaughter, says: "I marvel at the blindness of Australians. . . . Not all the power of the British Navy can suffice ultimately to save a community which neither breeds men in plenty nor imports them freely."

The Admiral says only men can defend Australia, and the estate agents, profit-hunters, and rack-renters have taken up the cry and are boosting immigration for all they are worth.

Give us men, they say, in unlimited numbers. Men whom we can exploit; men who can work hard and live hard; men who will require land or house property; who are prepared to "go on the land" that belongs to other fellows and toil for rations, clothes, and a corner in the barn.

According to the exploiters Australia wants men, but they must be strong in the arm, and weak in brain power. They must be prepared to work for the capitalists in time of peace, and fight for them in time of war.

"Nothing can save Australia but the recognition, by her people that in a huge and immediate increase of population lies the only way of salvation." So says Dr. Arthur, an immigration fanatic, who believes that a teeming population means the salvation of Australia.

With the land locked up and the jobs in the hands of exploiters, an immediate increase in population can only result in overcrowding the cities and increasing the number of unemployed.

If population meant salvation, then Dublin should be happy. London, Paris, Berlin, and New York are crowded cities, but they are cursed by every evil of modern capitalism.

Law-makers have taxed all the faculties of the mind to make laws to deter the criminal from following his vocation. The pickpocket, the garrotter, the burglar, the purse-snatcher, and the sneak-thief, are

KEY ROTHSCHILD  
MONISH LENT



JAPAN: "I want to invade Australia and I require about £250,000,000 to finance it, will you lend me the money?"  
EUROPEAN FINANCIER: "What! Help you to seize my security for the millions I have lent Australia?"

ashed severely when caught. But while we punish these men there are other criminals whose acts are far more dangerous to society, and who not only escape with impunity, but are recognised as "the pillars of society." Thousands of people are murdered annually by dangerous criminals for profit, yet nothing is done to punish them.

The civilization of which we boast furnishes sumptuous fare for lapdogs and banquets for apes, while children are sentenced to the mills and factories to grind out profits for plutocrats.

The titled degenerates of Great Britain assembled in the House of Lords recently to condemn the Government for selling "honours" to the highest bidders. The Lords were alarmed at the prospect of the hereditary nobility being replaced by a titled plutocracy.

In feudal Russia the Students at educational institutions are rebels. In capitalist countries the students are, as a rule, strike-breakers and scabs. After Russia has abolished feudalism her students will follow the example of the same class in capitalist countries. Man's opinions are directly traceable to the economic foundations of his environment.

The class that rules is always faking the electoral system so that millions of adults in all countries have no voice in the government. The capitalists believe that the masses should not be allowed to vote and engage the best available talent to prevent them by legislation. A section of the proletarian army holds the same belief, and urges the workers not to vote—extremes meet.

The journals that have been hurling editorial dynamite at strikers recently, had nothing to say about the meat monopolists who netted nearly £30,000 during the meat trouble. Neither did they condemn the wholesale grocers and others who raised the prices of other foodstuffs immediately there was a shortage of meat.

The more we know of the capitalists the more we distrust them. The more we know of the workers of other countries the less we distrust them.

The Anti-Socialists used to say "Socialism won't work." Now they are blaming it for working too much. Socialism is blamed for breeding strikes and discontent.

The delegate board of the Newcastle miners recently passed a resolution in favour of industrial insurance. The delegates surely cannot know that profit-sharing, bonuses, insurances and such like are schemes to blind the worker while he is speeded up. Under all such schemes the worker is still a wage-slave, and his alleged "benefits" quickly vanish if he rebels.

The world is divided into two classes—those who work and those who don't. Those who work keep those who don't, and the curious thing is that those who don't work have more to say in the affairs of the world than those who do. The idlers rewards themselves better than they do the workers, and the workers agree to it.

"Prayers for Rain. How they were Answered," was the heading of this leg-pulling paragraph in Sydney "Daily Telegraph" of February 25.

"Dungog, Tuesday, Sunday was observed throughout the district as a day of humiliation and prayer for rain. There was a large attendance at all the services in the various churches. Light, soaking rain set in yesterday morning and continued throughout the day. Up till nine o'clock this morning 51 points had been registered."

The rain was general throughout the State, but the "Telegraph" endeavoured to make the Dungog parsons and cockies believe that their prayers had brought it. To such base uses has journalism descended.

Mr. James Bryce has been deploring the decline of a knowledge of the Bible amongst all classes in England. The same thing, he says, is observable in the United States, and he contends that a lack of knowledge of the Bible would be an incalculable loss, if only from the standpoint of education. In a sense this is true. Those who know least about the Bible are the most fanatical in asserting that it is a revelation from God to man. A careful study of the Bible reveals the fact that it is the work of man who made God in his own image.

Science doesn't pay so well as theology. The late Dr. Wallace, after a lifetime devoted to science, only left an estate valued at £5,823. Whereas the Rev. John Clough Williams Ellis, Glasfryn Llabgybi, Carnarvon, left £41,989. Rev. William Smith, Edge Lane, Liverpool, left £9,968, and Rev. Prebendary James Fraser, of Chichester, left £16,160. These parsons' wills overshadow Dr. Wallace's poor little estate.

Socialists have "glad tidings of great joy" and should let no opportunity slip to pass the news along.

The "powers of darkness" are now understood to be Vested Interests. They would keep the people ignorant and in the dark if they could.

The control of industry is falling more and more into the hands of large combinations of capital. This is teaching us combination. When the mass of mankind have learned to combine they will know how to save themselves.

Millions are out of employment under capitalism, yet the world refuses to adopt a system which would ensure work for all.

Entomologists tell us that a parasite in one locality may become useful if shifted to another locality. Why not put the industrial parasite where he will be useful.

What living costs doesn't trouble the exploiter. What labour costs is a more interesting question to him.

Aristocratic dogs now feast on turkey on the anniversary of the birth of Christ, while millions of human beings go hungry. This is undoubtedly a glorious civilization!

The Archbishop of Canterbury ought to leave a tidy swag when he dies, as he receives £15,000 a year.

Roosevelt has published his autobiography. Life is too short to read it all, but a few pages will serve to indicate the lesson—"Take all that is offered you and make a grab at what isn't."

Professor Geldart wrote in a recent "Manchester Guardian":—

"This recrudescence of prosecutions for blasphemy is an extremely disquieting symptom. It suggests that there is a diminution in the public, or at any rate in the official, mind of the value set upon freedom of speech, and that the police believe that their efforts to secure convictions for blasphemy will be viewed with favour."

What would the Professor say if he was in Brisbane just now and saw men being prosecuted and jailed, not for blasphemy, but simply because they open their mouths and mention Socialism? English papers please copy.

General Sir Ian Hamilton doesn't like talking about soldiering. He says his chief objection to talking about it is the danger of putting his foot in it. He appears to feel that it is such a disgraceful profession that it is hard to defend it from attack.

Don Quixote, the philosophical madman, told Sancho Panza that there were only two classes in the world—the "haves" and the "have-nots." With this key the Don unlocked all political problems and explained all political battles. With this, the modern Socialist can tell beforehand which side in a strike or political contest the daily press will take.

A Sydney agent advertising a number of cottages for sale, says: "These rents can easily be raised to bring in another £50 per annum." A no-rent strike would do such sharks a good deal of good, and there wouldn't be much risk attached to it either. A few thousand tenants couldn't easily be evicted by any Government and the resulting uproar would be highly educational.

Thus President Woodrow Wilson on Trusts:—

"Don't deceive yourselves for a moment as to the power of the great interests which now dominate our development. They are so great that it is almost an open question whether the Government of the United States can dominate them or not." When a statesman like Woodrow Wilson talks like this it is tragically amusing to hear Mr. Cook talk as though the Australian trust will dissolve at the mere lifting of his finger—"The Australian Worker." It is also amusing when the "Worker" urges the workers to vote for Billy Hughes's trust-smashing referendum.



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He who begins as a puppet is often doomed to perish as a victim.—Stephenson.

## Society's Secret Scourge

## THE RED PLAGUE.

The discussion at the recent conference of the New South Wales Political Labour League on the subject of contagious venereal diseases; the letters in the press from medical men urging open discussion of the subject; and various leading articles in the press, seem to have focussed attention upon this sad scourge of society.

For generations the subject has been tabooed by the medical profession and the press at the instance of the Wowser, but the piteous sufferings of the innocent have become so conspicuous that the danger has forced itself upon the attention of thoughtful and responsible people, and has compelled men to speak out at last.

The agitation for a contagious diseases act has always been opposed by the "uncog good" and the "rigidly righteous" on the ground that venereal diseases are a heaven-sent punishment for incontinence, but medical men have shown that very often the punishment falls upon the innocent, and that in their interests, if not in the interests of the incontinent, the evil should be grappled with.

Dr. Sequira, of the London Hospital, recently furnished some particulars of the ravages of syphilis and the danger there is of quite innocent persons becoming infected with the disease. On one occasion he had under his care a girl of 12 who had been infected by her mother's kiss. A woman came into the hospital with secondary syphilis, carrying a baby suffering from the same disease in an inherited form. She also had two other children with her, both of whom had been infected with syphilis in the mouth from kissing the baby. A glassblower's boy had contracted syphilis on the lip from using a blow-pipe which had previously been used by an infected glassblower. At an evening party, a kissing game was introduced, and a person with a syphilitic sore on the mouth infected nearly every girl present. Dr. Sequira says that one of the worst cases he had ever seen was that of a cook on a railway dining-car who came straight from his work in such a condition as to need immediate admission to hospital. This man might have infected many others by handling their food and table utensils.

Dr. Kellog, of America, in a booklet on syphilis, cites an instance of a young woman who caught syphilis from a young man who saw her home from a party and kissed her at the door when leaving. The girl communicated the disease to her mother's baby, and from the baby the whole family caught it. They were in a shocking condition when a doctor was called in.

The Out Patient Committee of the London Hospital recently placed on record this opinion: "For the good of the race and

the good of the children yet to be, an organised war on the spirochaete of syphilis should begin. Dr. Bulloch states that if the weapons at our hand were wisely used syphilis would be as rare as small-pox in the course of a generation."

Atchonikof, the great bacteriologist of the Pasteur Institute, has shown the deadly nature of syphilis. According to this authority, it fills the hospitals, jails, and lunatic asylums, with its victims, and he states that the madness and deaths of Guy de Maupassant and Nietzsche were due to syphilis.

The demand now being made by public bodies and medical men for legislation dealing with the matter will probably be countered by the wowsier fraternity, who believe that such evils as syphilis should be hidden from the public. Whether that is so or not, there is sure to be a keen discussion of the subject, and from this more good may result than from any legislation that may follow. Most of the trouble is the result of ignorance. Allow free discussion of the subject and the sale of reliable works on the question and the majority in time will know how to protect themselves from contagion.

Our industrial system, which is upheld by press and pulpit and protected by the police, has accentuated the Red Plague and made every city of capitalist countries a breeding place of modern malaria and physical disease. Reformers in every country are becoming aroused to the gravity of the situation, but none of them show any inclination to permit a discussion of the cause that robs woman of her purity and her children of their health.

War upon prostitutes will not abolish prostitutes nor abate the Red Plague. War against the profit system and the resultant poverty is what is wanted. Crusades against the profit system and the resultant inmates of dens of shame will not raise the moral standard of cities, nor will the making of venereal disease notifiable by law eradicate the red scourge.

White capitalism is permitted to exist; the social evil will be here to menace us, because capitalism breeds poverty, the greatest cause of prostitution and the diseases that result therefrom.

## A CASE FOR PROMPT ACTION, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM LENGTHY DISCUSSION.

On Friday last the "S.M. Herald" published a letter from Dr. Arthur, M.L.A., in which the latter (1) emitted a paean of joy because the "Herald" had begun to call syphilis by its proper name, and (2) urged the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into and report upon the subject of this disease. Royal Commissions are futile things at the best. They provide politicians with profitable if but temporary billets, and they provide the public with a mass of information, most of which information everyone who is sufficiently interested to study it, possesses already. The recent efforts of the absurd Totalisator Commission supplied a case in point. The proof that the public needs no enlightenment from any Royal Commission on the question of the hideous possibilities of syphilis, is to be found in the simple fact that the "S.M. Herald" considers the time to be ripe for frank mention of it. Papers like the "Herald" do not lead public opinion; they follow it from afar. Where any steps of a progressive nature are concerned, what the "Herald" or "Telegraph" advocates to-day the fairly intelligent person on the tram was anxious to see accomplished this time last year, or earlier. As regards the desirability of tackling syphilis, with the same ruthless vigour that the plague, small-pox and so on are tackled each time they appear, there is no doubt in the minds of rational Australians. They know that the job should be undertaken, and they marvel ceaselessly at the cowardly irresolution of their politicians in the matter. The Victorian Government instituted an inquiry into the prevalence and effects of syphilis in the Murray State a couple of years ago. The researches of the experts who were employed in the matter indicated that the disease was appallingly prevalent there, and that its effects on the public health were disastrous. There is no shadow of a reason for thinking that the plight of New South Wales or any one of the other States is less awful. It is as idiotic in the circumstances, to fool round with Royal Commission investigations as it would be to institute lengthy inquiries as to the general undesirability of a foreign invader who was hard at work devastating the country and slaughtering its inhabitants. Dr. Arthur provides in his letter above-mentioned some of the soundest reasons imaginable why the Anti-Syphilis campaign should be undertaken at once. An extract:—

"Could the average man and woman have merely a momentary glance at one of these unhappy innocents, the victims of hereditary disease, it would do more to convince them of the necessity for abandoning the present laissez-faire policy than all the talking and writing in the world.

Some years ago I felt justified in taking such a case into Parliament House, and showing him to some of the members. All of those who saw him were aghast that such things should be, but were grateful for having had their eyes opened to the existence of such hideous possibilities for innocent children."

He doesn't appear to favour compulsory notification, but he stresses the importance of treating all cases with salvarsan as a means of swiftly abolishing infectivity; and he makes a vital point that the "Bulletin" has been making for the past three years, viz.:—

Syphilis will never be stamped out, however energetic the measures taken here, if virulent forms of the disease are constantly being introduced from Asiatic seaports. The Commonwealth Government should be called upon to maintain a rigorous inspection and quarantine for such diseases.

This paper hereby implies Arthur not to stultify his wise and earnest advocacy by blitherings about Royal Commissions. Their main object is to give Ministers an excuse for not doing something; and the business of stamping out syphilis is so important that no Minister or party, or Parliament should be given a chance to neglect it for an unnecessary moment longer.—"The Bulletin."

## "NO NEED."

## For the Australian Navy.

Fremantle Tuesday. Among the passengers by the mail steamer which passed through Fremantle yesterday was Professor David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of the Leland-Stanford University, U.S.A., who is proceeding to Melbourne on business connected with his institution.

Professor Jordan is a disciple of peace. For the past few years he has devoted much time to lecturing in the various countries with a view to showing the utter futility of warfare.

"It is my chief aim," he said, in an interview, "to spend the remaining portion of my life trying to bring about a better understanding amongst the various nations. During the past three years I have visited various countries in Europe and Asia, studying, as it were, the pulse of the people. In every country I found that the great bulk of the people were against war. It was only the military people who favoured it, and these were in the minority."

"When I was in Germany there were no fewer than 100,000 unemployed in the city of Berlin. This is all due to the heavy cost of armaments. In France there are unemployed everywhere, travelling all over the country in search of work. All this has been brought about to a large extent, by the recent Balkan war. Last year was the hardest that Europe has ever experienced, so much was spent by the nations arming against each other. To show what an enormous amount of money was wasted, Austria spent no less than £10,000,000 in mobilisation in case of an European war. That country was then, and at the present time is, very hard up. In fact, all European countries are at the present time in the same fix; and I think it would be impossible to induce Europe to go to war. A European war is estimated to cost something like £10,000,000 a day; that is to say, if three nations like France, England, and Germany went to war."

"Well, the same applies to Japan as to the European nations. Japan since her last war with Russia, has been on the verge of bankruptcy. The people there are crying out against the heavy taxation, and it will take her at least fifty years to recover her financial prestige. It is true that she defeated Russia; but, after all, it was a barren victory and it could not have continued more than a few weeks longer owing to Japan having reached the end of her financial tether. Japan has less wealth than the county of Lancashire, and yet her national debt is one-third of Great Britain's."

"You need have no fear of a Japanese invasion of Australia. In the first place, she will never settle permanently in a tropical climate. In addition, the Japanese with capital like to live in their own country, because, as one said to me, 'our customs fit us like our costumes.' On the other hand, the authorities do not wish the working classes to emigrate to the countries where they are not wanted. Of course, it is possible that you might have to guard against the influx of Chinese and Hindus. They are a tropical people. The Chinese, however, are not a warlike nation, and will only come into the country in drabs and drabs, and not by any act of aggression."

"No; in my opinion you have not the slightest need for an Australian navy; nor, for that matter, an army, except for some moral purpose. For a very small sum I will undertake to ensure Australia against a Japanese invasion. Australia has no more reason to fear anything from Japan than she has from Denmark."

"There are only three reasons that can be advanced for the existence of an Australian navy. The first is the Imperial reason;

## A Womans' Letter.

There seems to be a lot of maudlin sympathy with the man Chidley, particularly among women. Someone has said that all women are rakes at heart. I hope not, but the fact remains that, whenever there is a particularly nasty person like Chidley, he always seems to gain the sympathy of a certain class of women, and, to my astonishment, a few apparently decent men.

Chidley poses as a public benefactor. In my opinion, he is just a sex maniac, and a public menace. His crazy book, the "Answer," doesn't answer anything; it has nothing to recommend it. It has no literary merit, it is just the one idea of a crazy sensualist repeated over and over again. It is not often that I can say of the police, well done, but I think in this matter they should be supported by all sane people. We have enough cranks, goodness know. I have been told by some of my lady friends that Chidley is a fine looking man. I have to take their word for it, for I have never seen him. They say he has beautiful brown legs and arms, and a nice white pinny. Well, I should feel inclined to sing

"John, John, for the Lord's sake, John,  
Put your trousers on;  
You'll only be a laughing stock,  
If you go about in that little short frock."

I like Bohemianism, but not indecency. Just now while the butchers' strike is on, it might be convenient to live the simple life, and go about in a string of beads, and a broad smile, feeding on locusts and wild honey, with a bunch of grass thrown in by way of vegetable. I know a number of people who say they believe in Chidley's doctrine of a diet of nuts, but I have not met one willing to practice it just now when it would be so much to their advantage. Instead they are calling down vengeance on the butchers, for leaving them without the juicy steak, and the fascinating chop. So much for theory.

So far as Chidley's costume is concerned I have not heard of any of the ladies who admire him so much, willing to take him to afternoon tea in his little short frock. There is a time and place for everything. When people go bathing they will wear a bathing costume like Chidley does, but when they go in the public streets they should be dressed, so as not to offend the public eye, and if they persist in doing so they should be dealt with. I certainly would rather see a man in a well tailored brown suit than to look at his brown legs. There is altogether too much of this horrible sex business. We know that it is necessary to the scheme of creation that there should be two sexes, but why they make it the be all and end all of existence? This sex question hangs like a nightmare over society a woman may not have a man friend or a man a woman friend without the Grundys of society making things hum for them. When I am talking to a man, the fact of his sex never enters my head, he is just an individual if I find him interesting. I think of him as a good clown or pal. If he is dull or stupid, I drop him like a hot potato, but I do the same with a woman. I think it perfectly disgusting to think that men and women should be looked upon as beasts who have no control over their animal nature, and it is our so called social purists who are responsible for this state of affairs, these dirty minded Yahoos are always putting things into people's heads, that they would never think about only for them. I happen to know about a certain quack who calls himself a doctor, who is constantly gabbling about the danger to young girls and the danger to young boys. He doesn't say much about the old boys. At the same time the wretch is making a fine fat living by teaching both boys and girls how to live the simple life and avoid the consequence. This man (?) is particularly pally with some of our Labor Ministers and members, and the baby bonus was a kind of sop to some of these mangy curs who besides calling themselves doctors (?) pose as social purists, when it makes one sick to think of it.

Socialists as a sane and healthy minded people should put a heavy foot down on the sex mania.

EILEEN BAWN.

lian navy. The first is the Imperial reason; in other words, it is to help Great Britain. But is great Britain in any fear of danger from without? The dangers of the German invasion, however picturesque, are confessedly mainly the imaginary work of the agents of war traders, and devised for their own purposes. The second reason is personal to Australia. The navy is a sign of her coming of age, to be worn as an ornament, as the men of the earlier generation wore their ceremonial swords and cocked hats. The warship is an effective advertisement, and it gives colour to a nation otherwise composed of farmers and traders. To those who associate glory with display, a fleet of Dreadnoughts is doubtless worth its cost. The third reason is to protect the north of Australia. The danger from the north, however, is a mere myth. The defence of Australia may be necessary for moral purposes, but not for the purpose of keeping Australia white. The Japanese apart from the jingoes, are against war, and have no thought of aggression, except possibly in China. "Daily Telegraph," 25-2-14.



# Rampant Wowserism. On the Road to Williamstown.

A WARNING TO VICTORIANS.

By J. R. Wilson.

Eat Drink and be merry for to-morrow we may die. (says holy writ).

Despite the command to do so, there is in Victoria a brood of sourfaced, puritans, and calvinists, commonly known as wowsers, who seem to be most happy when they are most miserable, and who are resolved everybody else must be made miserable for their soul's sake, and incidentally on the off chance of getting a harp and a pair of wings hereafter.

To this weird wowsersitic brood, nothing is more elating than a prayer meeting, or an Alexander-Chapman sing-song, when their vulgar ears are tickled with "washed in the blood of the lamb," (as if a Turkish bath would not suit them better), and "safe in the arms of Jesus," when (the she wowsers in particular), wish they were safe in the arms of some young man upon whom they secretly dote, but whom they fail to fascinate.

To such pestilent and pietical punks, this world is a vale of tears, a purgatory in which all humans are placed in order to fit themselves for a life hereafter, when they will wear short shirts, twang harps, and go to roost at night, half-man, half-canary.

Imbued with the idea, that wowsers morality is eternal and unchangeable, and consequently the only code of morality, they endeavour by ways that are dark and actions that are shady and underhanded, to influence, shire councils, municipal governments, state parliaments, etc., to the end that legislation pleasing to all wowsers killjoys, may become civic, state, and Federal Law.

In the name of morality this brood of sourfaced killjoys, would stop all mixed bathing, close all public houses, picture shows, theatres, music halls, prevent couples from walking or sitting in the cool of the evening in public parks, jail every woman seen out after nine o'clock at night without a male escort, denounce every pretty and unconventional maid, as of shady reputation, who wore perforated stockings or a split skirt, as well as hang, draw, and quarter every man whose healthy instincts induced him to make love to any woman under 21 years of age; whilst they would even have the nude in art in the city gallery draped.

All this and a thousand other things would those hell-fire preachers, bible-bangers, and killjoys, known as wowsers do.

Although the wowsers who are said to be part of the great and heavenly host, (which by the way is an ever diminishing army, as most people with any sense are turning their backs upon the drab and dreary heaven and making tracks for the cheery and well illuminated hell), are losing in influence, still the more energetic section exercise more power than they are given credit for, and this, in the writer's opinion, is more noticeable in Victoria than elsewhere in Australia.

Wherever this brood of kill-joys have succeeded in getting their own way, there has been a hitching away of facilities for enjoyment, and a tendency to make the Sunday as dreary, and as unpleasant as possible.

For illustration, mixed bathing is both a pleasant and health-giving pastime, and on Saturdays and week nights ever increasing numbers, of young and old alike, whose minds are free from wowsers ideas of propriety, are seen wending their way beach-wards to enjoy a dip in the briny.

Evidently this has been too much for the more aggressive section of wowsers, with the result that we have been regaled per medium of the plute press to much suggestive piffle, re the moral consequences involved in allowing young couples so much freedom. But it appears wowsersdom has to a certain degree triumphed for have not Geelong city councillors in their wisdom and foresight, passed a bye-law making it a criminal offence for lovers to lie on the beach in each others arms, indeed that is not all, as a matter of fact they are not to lie on the sandy beach at all, but must sit bolt upright, whether it be hot, or cold, sunshine or shadow, daylight or dusk.

Under this piece of medieval legislation for which Geelong councillors ransacked their brains for ever so long, several respectable girls have already been booked by police pimps, and hauled before Geelong J's.P., severely lectured, cautioned, and finally informed that such conduct would not be permitted, and that examples will certainly be made of those who offend in future.

Wowsersdom has also triumphed at Sandringham, where notices prohibiting bathing, greet the eye of the stranger, and right here let me say as per usual, wowsersdom is on the side of plute and his legions, as in the centre of the excellent beach is an unsightly weatherboard arrangement called public baths, and as the regulations prohibit bathing for half a mile on each side of the baths, which is the best most convenient, and softest part of the beach, health and pleasure seekers are, as a result, compelled to put up with being robbed to the tune of 3d. per head, just for the pleasure of having a splash in the deep blue sea.

At St. Kilda on a certain part of the beach, similar regulations are in force, with the result that private companies, can rob with impunity.

A Little Chat.  
(By D. Healy).

"I am tired of hunting a job, Bill. What's the use of seeking a master. Let's go to Flinders Street."

"All right, George. It is a great country. When you are not being worn out by hard work, you are wearing our boots hunting a master. Well, b— them all for this day."

So we went along to Flinders Street station.

"Where will we go?" said Bill as we entered the gateway of that huge monument of State capitalism. "Shall we see some of the fine suburbs where the exploiters live?"

"No," I answered, as I am a stranger to Melbourne. "Let's have a look at some of the places where the slaves dwell."

"Come along then. Two to Williamstown!"

So we walked along the subway and waited on the platform for the Williamstown "express."

A porter was standing on the platform, and presently some boss flunkey in livery comes along to him.

"What is that Tait carriage doing on the train?" he wanted to know. (The Tait carriages, as everyone in Melbourne knows, are of a superior type). "Isn't that a mistake?"

"Yes, sir; I think it is," said the porter.

"Pretty hot!" said my companion. "This is the best paying line in the State and has absolutely the worst carriages. But anything is good enough for the workers—the fools!"

Now, I should have mentioned, that Williamstown is the place where the wicked wharf lumpers are holding up the shipping by an overtime strike, to the great annoyance of good, kind master.

We stepped into one of the ramshackle carriages. "Second-class, working-class," I remarked.

These carriages were a thing of beauty. Dirty, hard cushions were on the seats, whose backs were of bare hard laths.

The carriage was full of working people, in toil-stained garb. My mate and I sat in the corners opposite each other, and beside me sat a portly-looking gentleman, evidently of the petty bourgeois type. I was wondering why he travelled second class.

We moved along, and as we approached South Kensington, I called my mate's attention to some of the locomotives standing in the running yards.

"Those are enormous locomotives," I said, pointing to the huge boilers and dwarfed smokestacks.

My friend agreed that the broad gauge railways of Victoria were now running locomotives which would be no discredit to any country.

"Capitalism is speeding up," he said. "In a few years these railways are to be electrified, and the number of firemen and drivers displaced will be very considerable. What is more, the skilled craftsman will be replaced by the common working stiff, who knows enough to jerk the handles of a motor."

My bourgeois travelling companion joined in the conversation. "It is a fine progres-

As to freedom of speech and the right of public assemblage on Sundays, for other than religious purposes, although that right is at present enjoyed to a limited degree, it is not many moons ago, since a barefaced attempt was made by Melbourne city councillors to prohibit all meetings of a political and secular character being held on what, all wowsers, are pleased to call the Lord's day.

This wowsersitic move, was however, nipped in the bud by the prompt action of Melbourne Socialists, amongst them being the Melbourne branch of the A.S.P.

But even then, wowsersdom had to have its fling, for be it understood, the vast audience, who assembled to protest against the said piece of civic legislation were treated by one wowsers to a yes no speech, in which it was stated that Melbourne's intellectual life would suffer not at all, if all the picture shows, and all the theatres, were closed all the days of the week.

This wowsers claptrap, which was to pass muster for argument, was however effectively flattened out, when it was stated, amongst other things, that the stage was without a doubt one of the greatest educational factors of our age, greater than the church, a remark which was heartily applauded, much to the disgust of all wowsers assembled.

To deal with all that wowsers would do if only they had their own little way is not the writer's intention, but it is wise to occasionally rap the bounders across the fingers, and also as far as possible, draw the attention, of all who believe in the greatest possible freedom, as to wowsers and capitalist tyranny in attempting to rob the community of facilities for recreation and pleasure, as well as civil liberty.

Therefore, all citizens of Victoria beware; be on your guard

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

sive country," he said: "a progressive country. What pleases me most is to see the workers contented and happy." (I looked upon Bill and Bill looked upon me).

We were soon approaching Yarraville. Here were the houses in which the workers lived. Dirty, dilapidated ramshackles of old weatherboard, with hideous iron roofs, amid dirty, dusty streets. And the surroundings! Well, the air reeked with the stench of tanneries. Factories, where the weird and awful processes of capitalist production were carried on, gave out a variety of smells. The ground was bare of vegetation, and in the distance seawards stretched a bare waste of sand.

"This is where the bosses live, Bill."

"No; you silly. You don't expect the bosses to live where their factories are. These are the homes of the great Australian working-class."

"Do they own those homes?"

"No; they just live in them."

"And die in them?"

"Of course."

"Why should the worker be discontented with his lot?"

"He wouldn't if it were not for the agitators. The agitator should be deported from the country."

"God bless Botha!" I said; "but how he hell are we going to deport the class struggle from the country. Are we going to dump Yarraville into the sea?"

"But what's the matter with Yarraville?"

"Why, that the bosses don't live in it."

"But I tell you, George, the workers are an ungrateful lot."

"Those roads," I said, "they were made for motor cars."

"Automobiles, George, automobiles! That's what they call them in America. Motor cars are too utterly working class."

"And those fine flower gardens."

"Why, yes. They lick the Jardin des Plantes and Albert Park to blazes. Cultivated by specialists in afforestation, you know."

"Yes; specialists imported from Siberia by a progressive Government."

"Pity the working class are so spoilt. Damn them! they will be getting too lazy to work!"

"Those houses," Bill continued, "they must be a midsummer night's dream to live in. You remember last week when it was 100 degrees in the shade?"

"Yes, and the real producers were drinking ice water in the vaults of Collins-street restaurants."

"Well, it must have been nice to sleep in those houses."

"See the old lady hanging out the week's wash?"

"Yes; those women will ape Parisian fashions."

"Scandalous low-necked blouse," I remarked.

"Twig the openwork stockings and that lace at 10s. a yard!"

"Wonder how the nation stands it. These bargain sales ought to be stopped by law."

"Yes, and vaudeville shows, Sunday movies, surf bathing, and tram rides along with them."

"Yes, and opera houses, joy rides, Savoy dinners at ten guineas a plate, and other amusements of the working class. I agree with the wowsers. Life is too gay for the working class."

"These working people are an unthankful lot. Think what the country has done for them and the battleships that a kind Government has built for them to defend it with."

"See that tannery over there?" I said, pointing to a reeking, evil-smelling pile of bricks and mortar.

"Max Reitzenstein. Big number of slaves there."

"He's a German," said Bill. "He's one of the men we've got to fight."

"He belongs to the class we've got to fight."

By this time the whole carriage was interested in our conversation, and my bourgeois friend was fairly squirming in his seat.

"Do you do any work?" he blurted out at last.

"Why, no; we are bourgeois," I said.

"Look at my friend; he has toiled so long in one of your poisonous factories that he has been able to buy himself a £3 3s. suit, and the man who is attired with such extravagance must be regarded with suspicion."

"Well, I don't like your talk. I always travel second class, because I admire the working class."

"And you know they don't travel first, on the railways they have built?"

"Well, what if they don't. Look here, you are one of those Socialist agitators who are always denouncing the exploiters. Let me tell you the exploiter is no better off than you malcontents. Now, I am a master baker at Essendon. I have conducted my business for twenty-five years, employing union labor, and have treated my men to the best of conditions. What do I find? My rivals have formed a combine, erected large factories, and introduced machinery, which is far too expensive for me to buy. And now,

## My Native Land.

"My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Liberty,  
Of thee I sing."

"Breathes there a man with a soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land,"

Now mark me well, for here no minstrel raptures swell, for my minstrels, the poets of freedom, I find them in Bogga Road Bastille, and in their place the glory of the summer's night made hideous by the sound of tambourine and big bass drum, disturbed by the weird fanatic forms that I had long forgotten in the servile songs of alien lands.

It's me for the dust, unwep, unhonored and unsung, for how can I, an Australian, feel my heart throb with joy on returning to this, my native land, after years of wandering, in all other lands my feet have trod, I found regardless of time or place, the minstrel's welcome song of liberty. Follow me?

Our comrades have been imprisoned for preaching Socialism in the streets of Brisbane while the Salvation Army are allowed to conduct their banal, noisy services.

One of the most beautiful memories of my travels is a midnight service held in Mr. Percy Grant's Episcopal Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, on New Year's Eve, at which Mr. Fieldman, one of America's leading Socialists, gave an address on the lines:—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

The church was packed with Mr. Grant's congregation, and many Socialists, including Horace Traubel editor of the Comrades and author of "Optimus" and other beautiful poems. Mr. Traubel was a great friend of Walt Whitman and is his literary executor.

After the service was over, we were invited into a hall at the back of the church where we discussed Socialism with Mr. Grant and some of his followers. This is only one of the many churches that have thrown open their doors to the Socialists in America.

That New Year's morning as we stood out under the clear sky with the snow around us, listening to the bells ringing out their welcome to the year just born, and watching the merry-makers pass along, we talked of Australia, of the new world here, and the great work before us. Today, I am glad in the thought that the world is my country, but sad when I remember that here in the land of my birth, the land to which my ancestors were driven by the merciless oppression system that deprived them of the right in England to do their best for themselves and their children, this land where they labored in loneliness and patience to build up a great free home that we might enjoy but where we are today cast into prison by the same relentless capitalist system that oppressed them. But from their pain and their suffering has been born the strength of our loins, from out of the dust they watered with their tears, has sprung a great live oak whose branches shall cover all the land, under which the whole of our people will find shelter from the noonday heat. It is for us to carry on the fight of these, our ancestors, whose courage in coming to a strange land and travelling with difficulties on all sides, opened a way to a new inheritance for the people which shall not be taken from them. It is to us who realize our work to fight the ignorance and tyranny of the system, and for consolation in our darkest hours to remember, to remember the army of 25 million comrades, poets, scholars, the greatest thinkers of the entire world, calling to us from other lands.

"They never die who fall in a great cause,  
The block may soak their gore,  
Their heads may rot in the sun, their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls,  
But still their spirit walks abroad.  
The years lapse and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping thought  
Which overpowers all others and  
Turns the world  
At last to freedom."

EMILIE L. PAUL.

although I have never drawn much more than wages out of my business, they threaten to take even that from me, and leave me bankrupt."

"Which means, my friend, that the machine process of modern capitalism not only levies an increasing toll of blood and sweat from the workers, but crushes out your small capitalist also. Well, you may find comfort in the political pabulum of the bell-toppered boodler, but I tell you the time is coming when Australian workers will revolt against these conditions."

"Williamstown. All change here!" shouted the porter.

When you have finished with this paper, pass it on to a friend.



## THE COST OF LIVING.

"I do not see why folks complain,"  
Said Jorkins, "of the price of meat;  
For 50 cents a pound you get,  
A sirloin steak that can't be beat.  
For the same money you may buy  
A luscious English mutton chop.  
Why should you ask for more than that?"  
Yes, Jorkins keeps a butcher shop.

"The cost of living ain't so high,"  
Said Jorkins, "Why should folks find fault?  
For half a dollar you can buy  
A full three months' supply of salt.  
Just think what people had to pay  
Right after our great Civil War!  
I tell you, flour cost money then!"  
Yes, Jorkins keeps a grocery store.

But Jorkins went to buy some meat,  
And said that Jorkins was a skin;  
And Jorkins, paying Jorkins' bill,  
Declared he had been taken in.  
And when the coal man asked for pay,  
They both set up a mighty shout;  
And just as they were feeling worst,  
The plumber came and cleaned them out!  
—Somerville Journal.

## TOPICAL TATTLE.

Lent has commenced. Unfortunately, in many a worker's home Lent commences and ends with the year.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. According to report, the grocers, rabbit-oh's, and sundry other folk have been getting a fair share of the said "ill wind" during the meat strike.

Doctors dislike prescribing for their own ailments. Lawyers avoid operating with the Law they feed upon; while Parsons hug the temptation they exhort their flocks to avoid—Riches.

Consistency is a jewel; but it's a jewel that cannot be found either in Hunter or King streets.

The workers make the wheels of industry go round. And what cares Plute whether many are sacrificed therein so long as he gathers the industrial grist!

"Man wants but little here below." Our Probate Court shows repeatedly the "little" some people put up with during their earthly sojourn.

Frequently one reads that the Rev. So-and-so has gone for, or returned from a holiday to John Bull's Island. Evidently some workers (?) get a little profit from their labors.

It is stated that the cost of compulsory training will not be as great as expected. That's something, anyhow. But even the unexpected cost is too great.

Advices from Budapest state that 30,000 unemployed paraded the streets, shouting, "Let us steal!" 'Tis a sad commentary on our own twentieth century civilisation when the plundered workers are obliged to resort to stealth in order to exist, while their plunderers, nursed in Luxury's lap, are at their wits' end to discover new ways of making their sleek living less boring.

Strange! But, according to Granny Hunter-street, every time a workmen's strike occurs, the strikers are in the wrong—the inference being that the employers are always on the right side. If Granny's logic is correct, then strikes, with their attendant hardships, are brought into force by the workers for the fun of the thing.

The much-needed rain has fallen at last. Let us pray—that more cataract dams be built.

In these days of dear living, unfortunate old-age pensioners struggle hard to live out their few remaining years. No matter; their day's work is done; why heed them?

Labour strikes—openly; Capital strikes—underhand.

It is invariably the person that earns—or, rather, gets—two or three times as much per week as the average artisan who says the latter can live in luxury on his present-day rate of wages.

The wages of sin is death; and the result—by starvation—would be the same for many a worker if Sir Bloated Capitalist were allowed to pay his rate of wages for services rendered.

Seven cats held an animated discussion outside this scribe's window the other evening. Presumably the subject was the meat strike.

F.M.

Free speech.—The leaders of the various industrial and political bodies did much ranting and roaring on account of the deportation of the S'frican strike leaders, but nothing has been said of the unionists who are going to gaol; whose sentences within the past few months aggregate more than two years' imprisonment for demanding the same rights to speak on the streets of Brisbane as is given religious bodies; but these loud-mouthed demagogues of democracy, who prate and preach about, don't as a rule apply themselves to the practical—a windy, wordy resolution is their limit. They let the other fellow do the battling, and then talk of the great sacrifices made by members of the working class—all the while taking good care they do none of the sacrificing.—"Truth."

## A.S.P. News &amp; Notes.

## AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production.  
Distribution and Exchange.  
General Secretary: J. W. ROCHE,  
Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.  
LUKE JONES, Act. Gen Sec.

## ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL.

The Council met on Saturday, February 28th. There was a good attendance of delegates. Important business was done re the paper, and several other matters deeply affecting the party. Council instructed the secretary to advise branches to take up the Red Week movement for the first week in May. We should make this week a historic one in the annals of the party. Sydney branch has taken the lead, and will leave no stone unturned to make it a success. Comrade Fox from Brisbane was welcomed. He gave an account of his experiences in gaol and the progress of the free speech fight.

Next meeting Saturday, March 14th.

The Unity Conference has been postponed owing to some branch returns not reaching Headquarters in time. It will be held on Thursday, March 19, at Queens Hall.

LUKE JONES,  
Acting Gen. Secretary.

## SYDNEY BRANCH.

The strike was the topic for discussion at Sunday's meeting on the Domain. By the time the platform had been erected a fine audience had collected ready to hear the various speakers deal with this local manifestation of the class struggle. The Socialist always knows how to direct the activities of the society; how to lay bare the vampire reality of our modern civilization; how to expose the brutal and callous march of capital over the peoples of the earth; how to interpret, in that true scientific method that alone has any effect upon the working class, the past and contemporaneous economic and social phenomena which exhibits itself to the class-conscious of all countries. It can hardly be otherwise; in fact, it is in the very nature of things, that Socialists alone, are never lost for their bearings during times of industrial turmoil. That is the precise reason why they are Socialists because they understand.

Comrade Slade opened the meeting in his characteristic style. As chairman he drew the attention of the audience to the fact that we expected the strikers' representatives to address the meeting later on, and then called upon comrade Mrs. Paul to speak. This our comrade did right well. She struck the right note when she pointed out the absurdity of sectional strikes; and she did not forget to emphasise the necessity of the working class voting as it struck—against the capitalist class—and further still did she show that unless the workers closed up their ranks and struck against not only the capitalists, but against the whole system, lock, stock and barrel, they would continue a hopeless, down-trodden mass of drudges for luxury and vice. This kind of stuff, from the women, will get there eventually. We want more speakers from the fair sex. Who is going to be next?

As the strikers' representatives had not turned up, the chairman called upon Comrade Rutherford. He was in fine form and the subject suited him splendidly. For over one hour he had the crowd by his pungent satire upon the Kavanaghites of the Trades Hall. Rutherford delights to scalp the fakirs of this kind—the men whom the reptile press hail as "the peacemakers" (who said peacemakers?)—during times of strike. Mr. Dunn, an old worker in the party, also assisted by reciting a poem suitable to the occasion. Comrade Jackson concluded the meeting with a vigorous speech in which he pointed out that strikes, lockouts, sabotage, boycotts, etc., are only temporary in their effect, and only when the workers overthrow the whole system will they obtain justice. Evening meetings were held as usual.

The branch held its business meeting on Tuesday, February 24th. New members were enrolled, including an old member of the party, who left some time ago to join an anti-political organisation which claims to have no "leaders." He is now wiser by his experience, and he is not the first one by a long chalk—seeing like many others the absurdity of denouncing intelligence and relying solely upon brute-force and ignorance. These twin brothers develop, as he saw, not leaders, but bosses. More will follow when they realise that education is more necessary than hysterics. The branch also decided to hold a "Red Week" such as has met with such success in Europe. This must be a success, so get busy now. Look out for further announcements, especially if you wish to assist.

The next branch meeting is fixed for March 10th in Queen's Hall. Let us see you there, and don't forget RED WEEK!  
LUKE JONES,  
Secretary.

## BRISBANE.

Quinton and Fox have finished their contract with Georgy Rex, and are once more on the market. Whether Cahill will recommend them for another term of oakum-picking the future will inform. Both are in good condition, despite the stomach scouring effects of hominy. Last Friday several of us paid a visit to the Government Printing Works. We were courteously shown through the various departments. I do not know what our reception would have been had they known we were four "Free Speech" jail-birds. What we saw was an education. The linotype machines interested us the most. Each of us received our name, set up by this wonderful machine. I remember the introduction of the linotype in the Old Country and its effect upon the employment of compositors. There was no need to enter into long-winded dissertations on the development of machinery with these men. Experience was their teacher. One condition which struck forcibly as we passed from room to room was the awful monotony of many of the tasks bound up with the production of printed goods. Fancy sitting or standing at a machine all day performing the highly interesting and diverting job of feeding that machine with paper, or to sit at a revolving table taking rapidly a section of a book from each compartment as it passes, and thus making up a whole book. No wonder that some workers are dull, and display an indifference to any educational movement. In the ruling room I pointed out to the foreman the dull nature of the task of feeding the machines, and he informed me that in some shops they had an apparatus which dispensed with that particular operation. Speed the day when many more similar natured tasks will have passed away. Someone has stated that the greatest work of future generations will be to make our every everyday occupations attractive. Many occupations which take up the attention of millions of our fellow-workers will never reach the stage of pleasurable activity. The only remedy is total abolition. It may be an impossible remedy, but anyhow by intelligent organisation we can hope to reduce them to a minimum. Last Sunday, street demonstration startled the congregation of cops who weekly gather in Queen street. Several hundred citizens (?) were waiting in expectation at the corner of Edward and Queen streets. About 7.20, Comrades Bessant and O'Brien, seated on two ponies, came trotting along. Each wore a Russian Cossack hat. On the back of O'Brien was a placard on which was printed in bold lettering the word "Silence." Bessant carried two placards. One bore the inscription "Sorry to say can't speak to you today; King Cahill won't let me."

They rode undisturbed right over Victoria Bridge. Here they turned, and on reaching the Treasury Buildings, a number of Johns barred their way. Bessant was captured. O'Brien, turning his horse sharply to the right, galloped away leaving the police raging in the rear. Passing down Elizabeth-street and along Albert-street into Queen-street again, O'Brien approached the group of police stationed near the Treasury Buildings. Riding straight into their midst he then suddenly swerved. The boys in blue made a grab, but only succeeded in arresting a few hairs out of the horse's tail. Our comrade rode jauntily down Queen-street and then disappeared. Cahill's cronies are still seeking him.

Monday morning saw Bessant charged with creating a disturbance in Queen-street. When the inscriptions on the placards were read the Court smiled. Perhaps the humor of the situation was responsible for the light sentence—£1 or seven days. Kind regards to all and please inform the 300 Direct Actionists who are supposed to be in the vicinity of Sydney that there is a Free Speech Fight on in Brisbane.

## RECEIVED FOR FREE SPEECH FUND

Previously acknowledged	£67 15 6
M. Wood	2 0
Collected, Feb. 15,	6 1
Northage, Cairns,	8 6
Rudolph, Blackball,	1 13 5
Feb. 21,	5 8
Received at Sydney,	
W. J. Chidley,	5 0
"Free Speech"	6
	£70 17 2

Held over for further explanation, 7s. forwarded by Comrade Rudolph.

GORDON BROWN,  
Sec. Bris. Bch. A.S.P.

## UNEMPLOYED IN BERLIN.

## Capitalism Fails to Find Work.

The Berlin Municipality has voted £15,000 for the relief of the unemployed, of whom there are about 80,000. It is proposed to make small loans to those who are out of work.

Sydney City Council is framing new regulations to deal with Socialists who speak on the streets. Some socialist influence is at work.

## International Socialist Club.

The next General Meeting of Club members will be held on Sunday, March 8, at 11 a.m. sharp. All members please attend.  
O. BLANC, Sec.

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## PRESS AND MAINTENANCE FUND.

Already acknowledged, £82 11s. 11d.  
Bushell, 2s.; "Enthusiastic," South Aus. Is. Total, £82 17s. 11d.

## LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

## BOOKS IN CLOTH BINDING.

Title.	Price. s. d.
Ancient Lowly, The, Vol. I, C. Osborne	8 0
Ward	8 0
Ancient Lowly, The, Vol. II, C. Osborne	8 0
Ward	8 0
Capital, Vol. I, Karl Marx	8 0
Capital, Vol. II, Karl Marx	8 0
Capital, Vol. III, Karl Marx	8 0
Ancient Society, Lewis H. Morgan	6 0
Woman and Socialism, August Bebel	6 0
Critique of Political Economy, Karl Marx	1 0
Debs (Eugene V.), His Life, Writings, Speeches	4 0
Economic Determinism, Lida Parcoe	1 0
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History, Antonio Labriola	1 0
Ethics and the Materialistic Conception of Karl Kautsky	4 0
Introduction to Sociology, Arthur M. Lewis	1 0
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism, Engels	4 0
Looking Forward, Philip Rappaport	4 0
Love's Coming-of-Age, Edward Carpenter	1 0
Marxian Economics, Ernest Untermann	4 0
Philosophical Essays, Joseph Dietzgen	4 0
Positive Outcome of Philosophy, Joseph Dietzgen	1 0
Physical Basis of Mind and Morals, M. H. Fitch	4 0
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Poverty of Philosophy, The, Karl Marx	1 0
Principles of Scientific Socialism, Vail	1 0
Socialism and Modern Science, Enrico Ferri	4 0
Socialism and Philosophy, Antonio Labriola	4 0
Theoretical System of Karl Marx, Boudin	4 0
Evolution of Man, The, Wilhelm Boelsche	2 0
Evolution of Property, The, Paul La Fargue	2 0
Evolution, Social and Organic, Arthur M. Lewis	2 0
Feuerbach, Frederick Engels	2 0
Germes of Mind in Plants, R. H. France	2 0
Life and Death, Dr. E. Teichmann	2 0
halm Meyer	2 0
Marx, Memoirs of, Wilhelm Liebknecht	2 0
Marx versus Tolstoy, Lewis and Darrow	2 0
Militant Proletariat, The, Austin Lewis	2 0
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